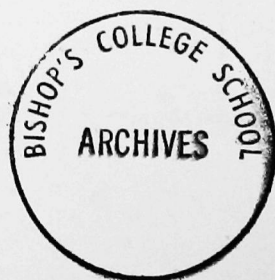
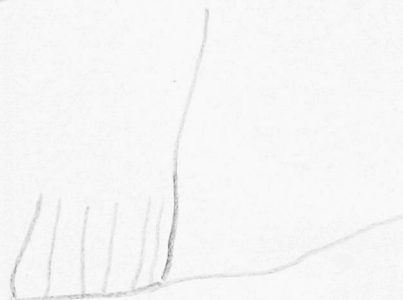
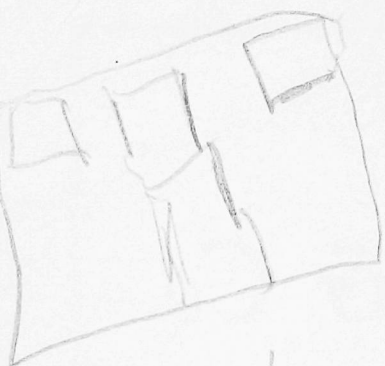




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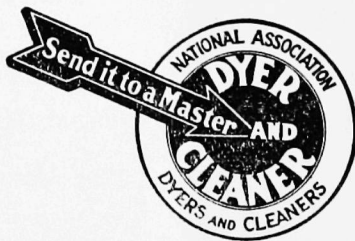
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King's Hall Magazine

Committee

1 9 3 1



Editor

MISS JONES

Assistant Editor

N. PIRIE, *Matric*

Form Representatives

B. COCHRANE - - Matric

M. SLACK - - VI:A.

M. E. McINTYRE - VI:B.

P. ANGLIN - V:A & V:B.

An appreciation of Miss Joll.

With the death of Miss Laura Joll on May 6th. Canada has lost an outstanding figure in education, and King's Hall a loyal friend. For twenty-five years, as Head Mistress, she devoted her entire time and outstanding ability to building up, from small beginnings, a school whose name has now become synonymous with her own.

Of the hundreds of girls who passed through her hands, all bear witness to the indelible impression which her character and ideals imprinted on their lives.

During the last few weeks of Miss Joll's life, her condition had improved slightly, and preparations had been made for her return to Compton to live. Miss Joll knew of these plans, and it is a happy thought that she died with this idea in her mind.

The interest that she took in her girls did not end when they left King's Hall, but many were surprised, on their return as Old Girls, to find that she had followed the course of their lives far beyond the limits of the School.

She lies at rest in the little Churchyard at Compton, but her spirit looks down on that memorial which she created by her life's work, and which, more than any other, does her honour.





MISS JOLL

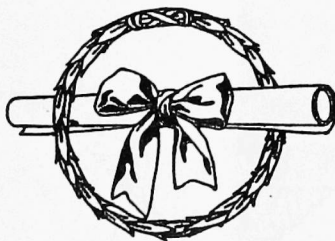
EDITORIAL.

WE cannot plead guilty to the “insanabile scribendi cacoethes” — “an incurable passion for writing” — mentioned by Juvenal; still we understand that it is the bounden duty of an Editor to write an Editorial, and therefore we hasten to justify our use of the impressive editorial plural.

We regret that our third edition of the Magazine has had to be slightly curtailed in size, as owing to the general depression in business, our receipts from advertisements have been considerably reduced. We are therefore doubly grateful to those, who have still continued to give us valuable support by advertising.

A gratifying number of contributions have been received this year, especially from the Junior School, and the fortunate Editor has been in the position to select her material.

In the future, as in the past, it is our hope that we shall receive generous literary contributions from all Forms in the School. Only thus will the Magazine prove worthy of the high ideals set by its founder and first Editor.



Miss Gillard.

I have heard, (from a very good authority) that (1) schoolboys, and (2) schoolgirls, are very difficult to manage.

Now, to my mind, a boys' school would be easy. Any misdoings, and—whack! Childs' play. But to run a girls' school successfully — that is another question. The brawn of the schoolmaster must give way before the originality and inventiveness of the schoolmarm. (Please excuse that word—I so very seldom get a chance of using it).

Miss Gillard is not only original in her arrangements of the school routine, but in her arrangements (far more important) of entertainments, and of school holidays. Even her punishments are original! She takes a great interest in everyone, from the brilliant genii, (ahem!) to the dull plodders — and to the dull shirkers. She is also keen about sports, and played hockey with us in the fall; and, though I didn't see her out skiing, I can quite understand her point of view.

Though Miss Gillard has not been here quite a year, she seems not only to have got into the spirit of the school, but to have established a spirit of her own, modern and yet with the old traditions which are the backbone of King's Hall.

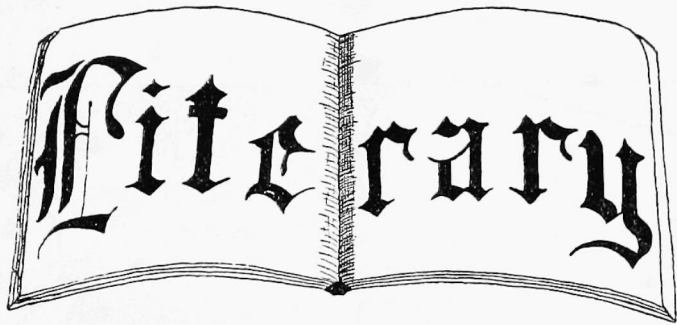
Best luck, Miss Gillard, for next year and for years to come!





MISS GILLARD





Robin's Song.

High up in a willowy tree
The robin is singing his greeting
As if to say, "Come, play with me.
Be glad, for the winter is fleeting."

—Frances Bissett, V:A.

The Last Thoughts of a Human Sacrifice.

The sun was coming up above the clouds in the East. Another hour and my doom would be sealed.

The druids were now coming in a long procession with trails of mistletoe entwined with oak leaves. From my cramped position on the rack upon which I was tied which was to be my execution block when the sun came up I could just see them moving in the distance.

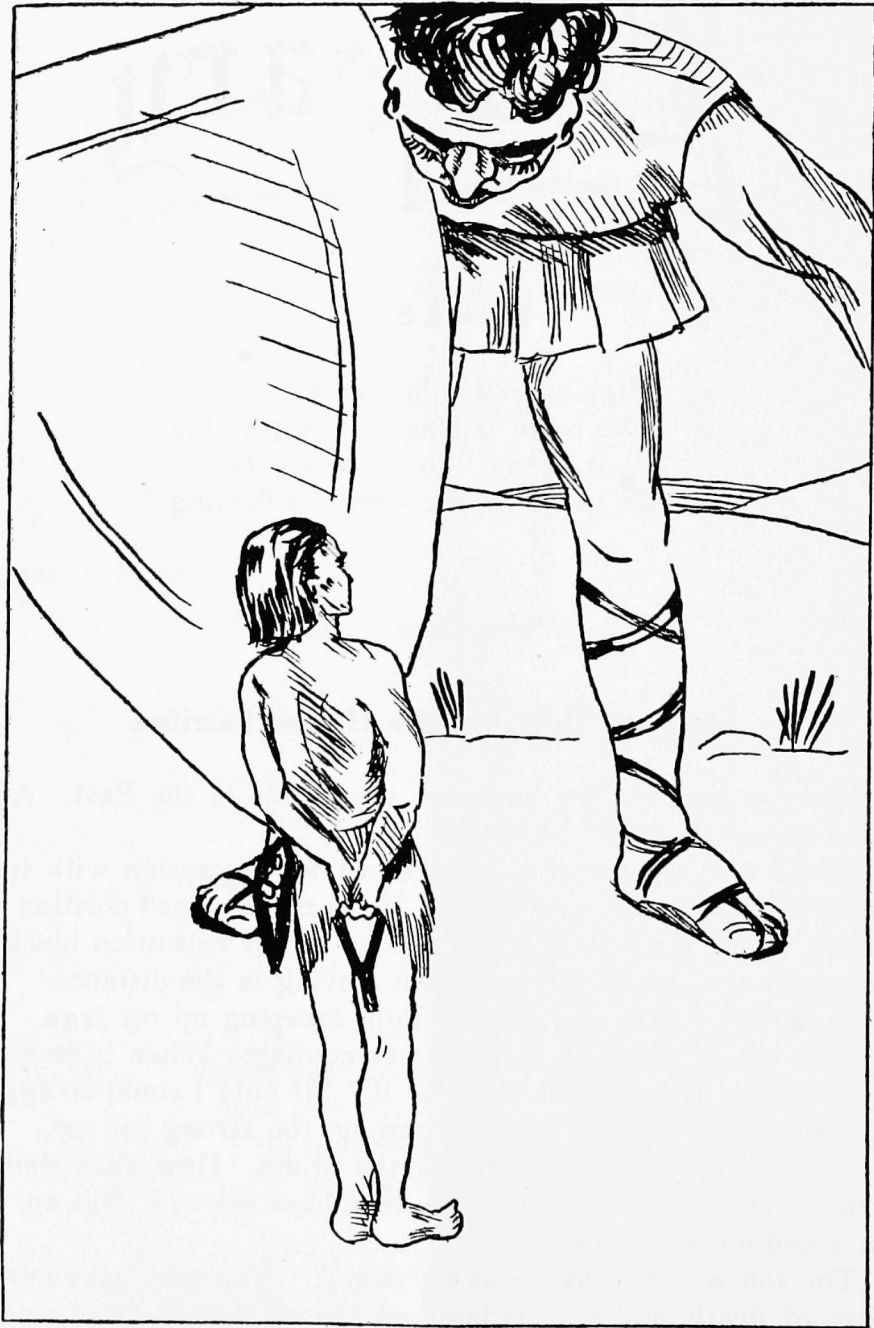
Presently I saw a bright red light creeping up my legs. It was a light the colour of blood, the sun was coming. When it reached my neck "Oh Lord! I shudder to think of it." If only I could struggle and break the bonds. But no, they are strong, too strong for me.

The druids now close around the stone. How they delight in this cruel service. Oh God of my fathers, have mercy! But no, I must be brave and not show my fear.

The sun was now as far as my breast. You who have never had the fear of death will not understand the chill that crept upon me. Gradually that light was stealing upwards.

Now! they are preparing the sword! The sun is on my neck! It is time. Oh! Gods deliver me.

—M. Stewart, VI:B.



Q. What did David say?

A. Please may I go for my music lesson.

A Tragedy

One day I saw a baby bird
Who hopped and chirped and sang in glee
But as I looked I saw it falling,
Falling from its tree.

It lay there gazing at its home
The only home it knew, the tree,
With staring eyes of glassy blue
Which now would never see.

The little thing, left there alone,
The little bird had homeless been.
Nothing missed it, no one mourned.
Only I had seen.

B. Jamieson, V:A.

Poem Unspecified.

The frost came oozing out of the ground,
Crickets, cracking all around.
The trees o'er head with sunshine sang,
The cows went home for supper.

The smoke died down from the chimney tops
The donkey's stubborn breathing stops
Over the hills the darkies play
On the lazy soft guitar.

Then suddenly the village bells rang
The fireflies swiftly upward sprang
The foxes barked discords in tune
The donkey breathed again.

Nor e'er was to the bower of bliss conveyed a fairer spirit."

There is in the middle of a secluded moor a little dell, which in the daytime is bathed in warm sunshine. Running through it is a stream, so blue as to rival the Sky Herself in Her most glorious moments.

Everyday to this stream there came a young girl, whose beauty matched well the calm loveliness of the little glade. Her eyes were blue as that of the stream; her hair was as gold as her skin was fair, and her neat lithe figure as upright as the lofty trees which surrounded her hiding place. Each day the little glade received her as a welcome guest, never questioning from whence she came, merely acknowledging her as the mistress.

But never once had she entered when the shadows of evening had fallen, and the dell was surprised into a beauty far greater than that which any mortal had ever seen. The moon shone through the trees and left a soft light over all; and the brook lightly sparkled to the music of the waving branches.

Then one night, as the grove expectantly awaited the arrival of the dawn, when its young mistress should arrive to bid it good morning, she came. Slipped in through the hostile trees into the peace and comfort of that which she called home. The light of the moon caught up her fair young beauty as she stood there, pale and trembling. Then with a slight quiver she fell slowly to the ground, a motionless figure, never to rise again, on this earth.

The dell caught her to its bosom as she fell, and heaved a sigh of happiness; never more would she leave it to wait long for her. For ever now would she rest within its encircling arms; and though her soul might go to another and far greater sphere, yet it would return to pay a visit to that beauteous grove she loved so well.

—Nancy MacKay,
Matric.

Get into your bedroom please
For it's time your lights were out,
Get into your bedroom please,
And please don't make me shout,
And if you're not washed and your teeth not brushed
I'm afraid you must do without.

—D. Porter, V:A.

Ducks.

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks
Beautiful comical things
Frederick William Harvey.

It was an early autumn morning, and the dew was still upon the ground. Over the lake lay a cloud of mist gradually rising as the sun came over the hills. The first object that caught my eye was a lone loon out in the middle of the lake.

Then following the margin of the lake, I came to a small shallow bay where the mother duck and her ducklings were looking for food. Standing out of sight of the mother duck, I stood and watched them. The mother duck waddling about looking for the morning meal for her children. "Quack! quack!" she says as she finds something, and all the fussy little ducklings come running to her.

Noiselessly I followed the water's edge, but soon came to a marsh, where long catkins were growing. But out of the long grass there came a flutter and a splash, and out flew a flock of ducks. They flew in a straight line out across the lake. And after that morning walk by the lake, I found out for myself, that ducks are — "Beautiful comical things."

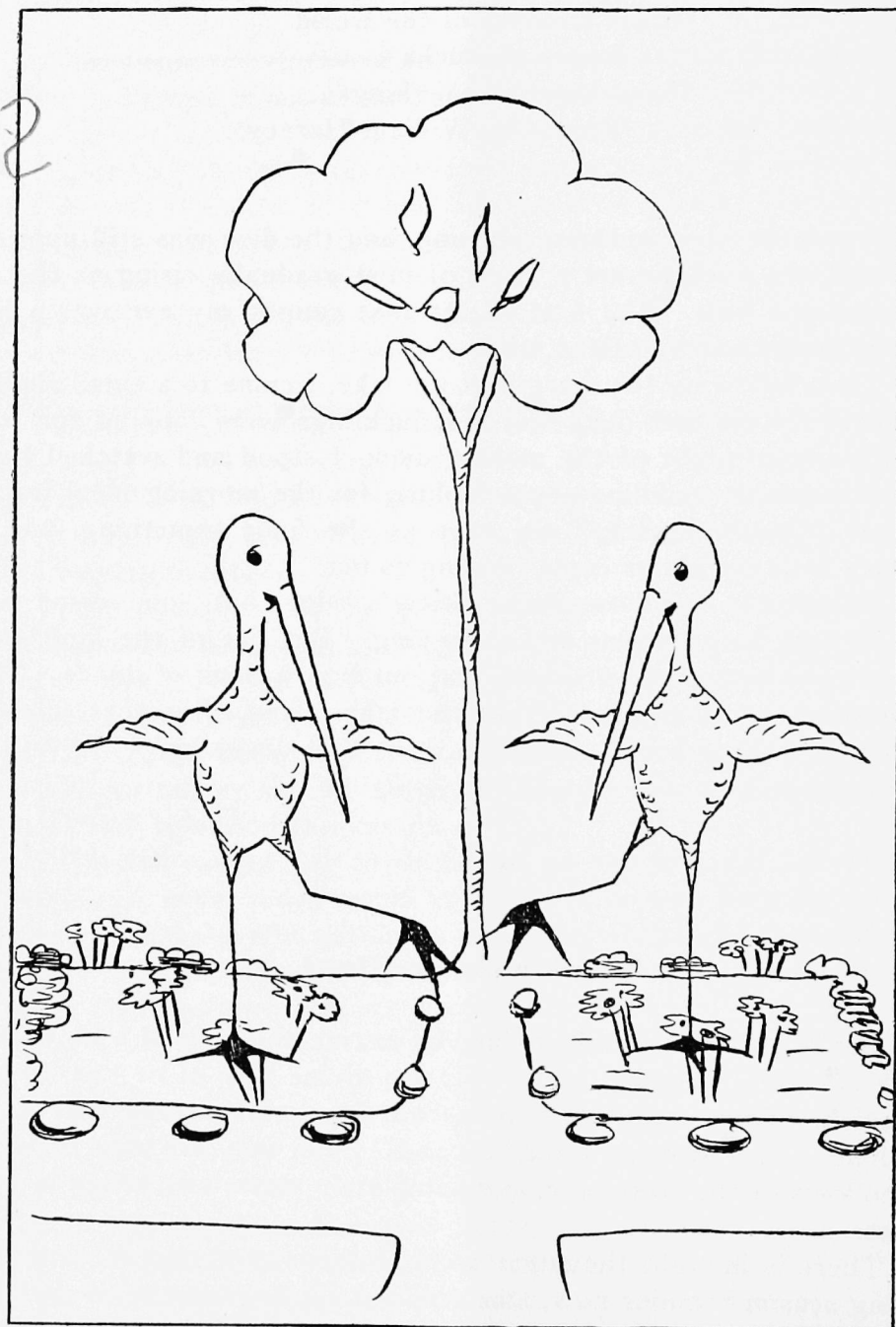
—D. J. Carswell, V:A.

Virgil in Modern Dress.

Broken in health, and subdued by exams, the girls of VIA, now so many days were dragging by, try, by the divine help of no one, to pass in English. They study their notes all day, and pretend they know something. This story is spread abroad. Soon they are shut up in the dark hollows of the classroom, and completely waste two hours in utter idleness.

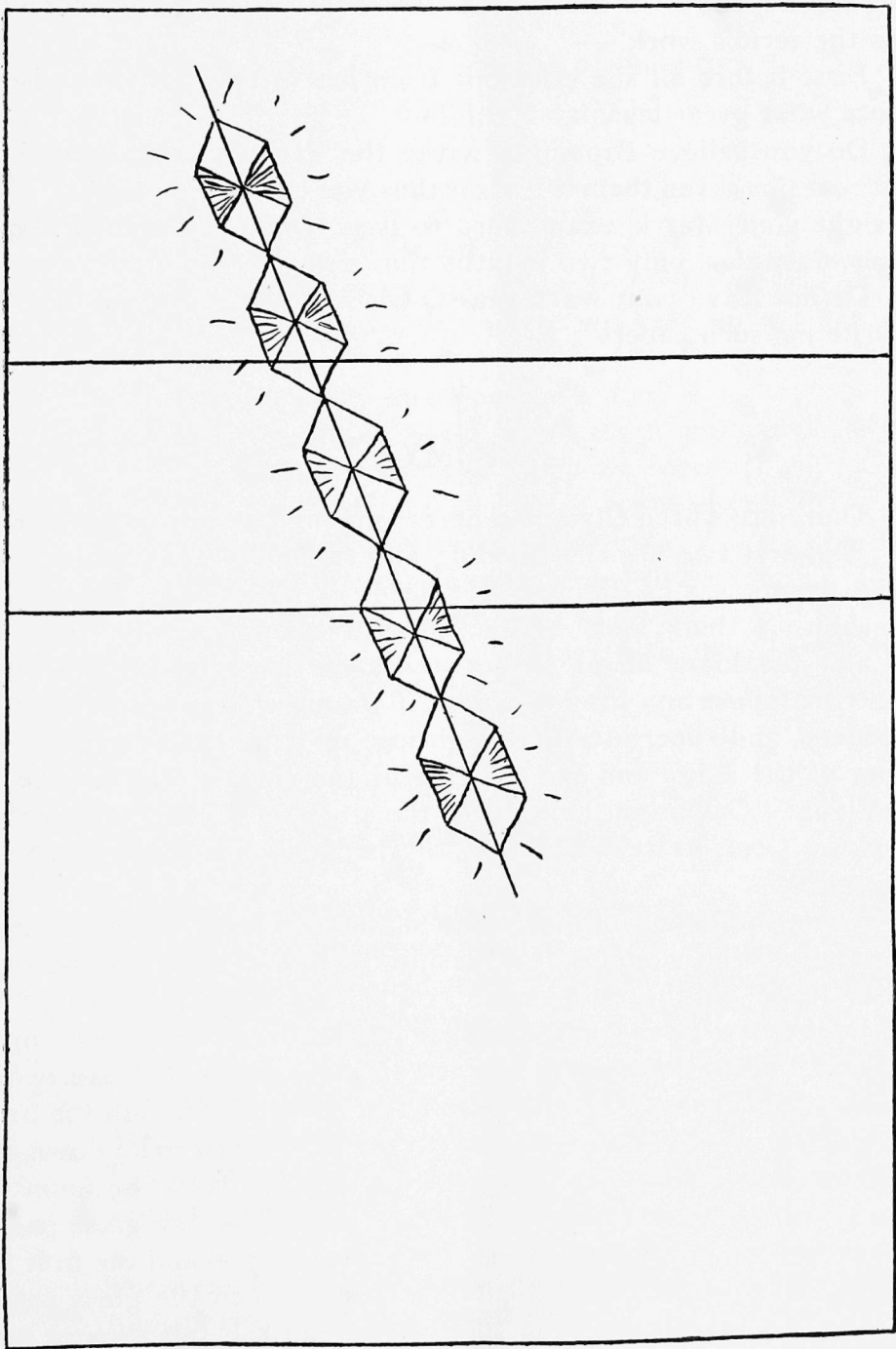
There is in sight the sugar camp, famous at Compton, while the sugaring season remains now, alas only for those good, clever girls! —

First before all — runs eagerly out from the classroom, and from afar cries out, O! miserable and horrible paper! What a question is this! Do they believe me to know that?? Or do they think I can answer any question on the point? Is it thus I am known?



“Let’s grow minuets and dwarf Storks in our garden!”

123



A diamond mine was discovered in the transversal.

Angry in mind and weary in spirit the teacher of English now so many lessons have slipped by, tries, by the blest help of notes to drive into the minds of the students the pieces of poetry. This theory is spread abroad, and soon shut in the classroom with VIA, she completely begins the term's work. —

First before all she cries out from her lofty desk Oh! miserable students what great insanity is this! —

Do you believe Browning wrote the Prelude or do you think a sonnet contains seven themes? Is it thus you have been taught? There is in sight your Matric exam, hard to pass, while the McGill **standard** remains, now alas, only two months time away.

Do not leave your work thus O Girls! I fear your results, when you write me such papers.

JIMMY.

There are Three Olympian events among the memories of King's Hall. The first two are rice pudding and sugaring. The third is more than an event — it is Jimmy. He needs no describing, for everyone knows him. I think most of the old girls know him too. He is the be-all and the know-all of the existence of the School. Can anyone imagine the failure any Play would be, if Jimmy was not there to change the scenery, and superintend the lighting, or if he hadn't arranged the erecting of the stage and the hanging of the curtain, and all the last-minute jobs? One might as well tell the story of Aladdin without mentioning the Geni, as tell the story of the School without mentioning Jimmy.

I can think of nothing more disastrous than an un-Jimmyish King's Hall. Who would fix the flashlights, mend worn out shoes, get the mail, open all the unopenable trunks, or wind the Clock? Who would weave new arms for the wicker chairs out of shellack'd rope, or who would build all the extra shelves and cupboards that are needed? And who would rush to the village to buy Basketball colours for forgetful teams? It would be an achievement for any one to write down every department that Jimmy has charge of. I think it would be impossible. And last, but not least, comes his special triumph — the glass passage. All year round he keeps the flowers there blooming — and the first thing I do when I arrive back each September, is to go to the glass passage, and if I see the green leaves in their boxes and the sun shining on the red and pink geraniums, then I know that all is well, and that Jimmy is back to take care of the School.

K. H. C.

K is for 'kick', which we do very often,
I is for ink with which blotters we soften,
N is for nuisance we make of ourselves,
G is for goodness-knows-what on our shelves,
S is for study we don't do so well.

H is for Hockey in which we excel,
A is for Algebra, difference in squares,
L is for laughter that's free from all cares,
L 's also the library where we keep quiet.

C is for crazy kids gone on a diet,
O is for Order marks, don't try to get them,
M are the moments in which we regret them,
P is for "Patience," — we've some singers here,
T is for tuck laid aside for la-tire,
O is for Onions, we have them with stew,
N is for nonsense, we bid you adieu.

—Mary Slack and Jean Paterson.

VI:A.

The Autumn Nymph.

A nymph was running through the wood,
Her dress was russet brown.
Her hair was crowned with a wreath of flowers,
To match her lovely gown.

The leaves were falling thick and fast.
Autumn had come at last,
The birds were flying far away,
They would be gone ere break of day.

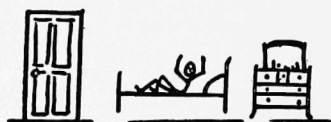
The nymph was the only beautiful thing,
And gaily did she dance and sing,
Then she heaved a little sigh
And flew like a swallow back to the sky.

By Molly McCuaig,

Form V:B.

SATURDAY MORNING.

A lazy girl awoke at dawn,
And gave a wide and mighty yawn,
And tumbled out of bed.



And as she sat upon her chair
And buttoned up her underwear,
To her room-mate she said



“For Goodness sake, get up, my dear
For much and greatly do I fear,
That you have overslept”



The tired girl rose up in haste,
And burst the hooks quite off her waist
Indeed she almost wept

At last half dressed their way they took
Down stairs — and how the stairway shook!
For both were very late.



And when at last they reached the line
They thought they'd run it pretty fine
For they didn't have to wait.

—F. Bissett and B. Buchanan.

We're late for prayers
What shall we do?
Too many cares!
We're late for prayers.
Caught unawares
And feeling blue
We're late for prayers,
What shall we do?

—Pam Anglin, V:A.

German I love
But cannot do it
My brain must move
German I love
Ye Gods above
I must get through it
German I love
But cannot do it.

—Barbara B. Buchanan, V:A.

"A PARODY."

(Apologies to T. Moore)
Taken from "Light of other days."

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
On snaps the electric light
Revealing all around me,
Betty and Dot
On Ida's cot,
And others who had spoken.
From her we heard
That fatal word
Why had this rule been broken?
Thus in the stilly night
An order mark has bound me,
And to make sadder still our plight
Has bound the girls around me.

—D. Porter and P. Anglin, V:A.

"CRITICISM."

This started by being an Essay; an Essay glorifying the youth, and the poetry that is to be found in our country, glorifying the radiant health of our young ones, and unveiling the shrouded mystery of their thoughts. This manuscript was, in fact, going to be very dry reading.

But something has happened, which has changed our mind (we, one understands, is used in the assistant editorial sense). The fact is, that the typical emblem of Canada's Girlhood, our poetess, our free-thinker, our continuous source of aesthetic ecstasy, is ill. Yes, she is in the throes of — no, she has just recovered from the throes of — But her soul-uplifting poem, which was to have been published in this number of the King's Hall, Compton, Que. Magazine, is unfinished. So we think the Assistant-Editorial will have to be changed into something else.

This is, now, we feel, primarily, an apology. An apology to our noble and great-hearted friend, whose epic poem will never be published in our magazine. But there is also another tragedy. We, in a rash and impetuous moment, promised that the work of Genius should have a place in the pages of the King's Hall, Compton, Que. Magazine. The only thing, therefore, which we can do to save our honor, (not only was it an "Honest Injun" oath, but a "cross my heart and hope to die," one) is to quote a few lines from the opus of our celebrity.

"There was a cat
Sat on a mat:
Just then a rat
Beheld the cat
Which, being fat,
Had firmly sat
Upon a hat."

The poetic values in these few lines, are obvious. It would spoil the perfect simplicity, Greek in form, to criticise the metre and rhyme of the poem. The subtle humor, characteristic of the modern pen, is slyly shown, when the "..... cat, which, being fat," sits on a hat. The quick successive motions, with a touch of the "gantisme," too, bring five, clear, pictures to the mind of the reader. Our poetess has been accused of "borrowing", the gantisme methods and ideas, but whoever compares her work with that of a writer of gants, should be able to distinguish her deft handling of words, from that of an ordinary ganteur.

Suffice it to say, then, that we have done our duty in publishing

an exquisite and delicate fragment of her work. May the praise of her public live evermore, as a burst of high-souled melody.

"Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

—Nora Pirie, Matric.

* * *

PARODIES.

"Our old bell tolls the knell of parting day
Slowly we leave our several occupations
And to our beds we wend our weary way
And leave the staff to settle complications.

—B. Buchanan, V:A.

VI:B PLAY.

On Friday, March 15th, our form presented the last scene of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Fortunately it did not rain, so we acted it on the grass tennis court.

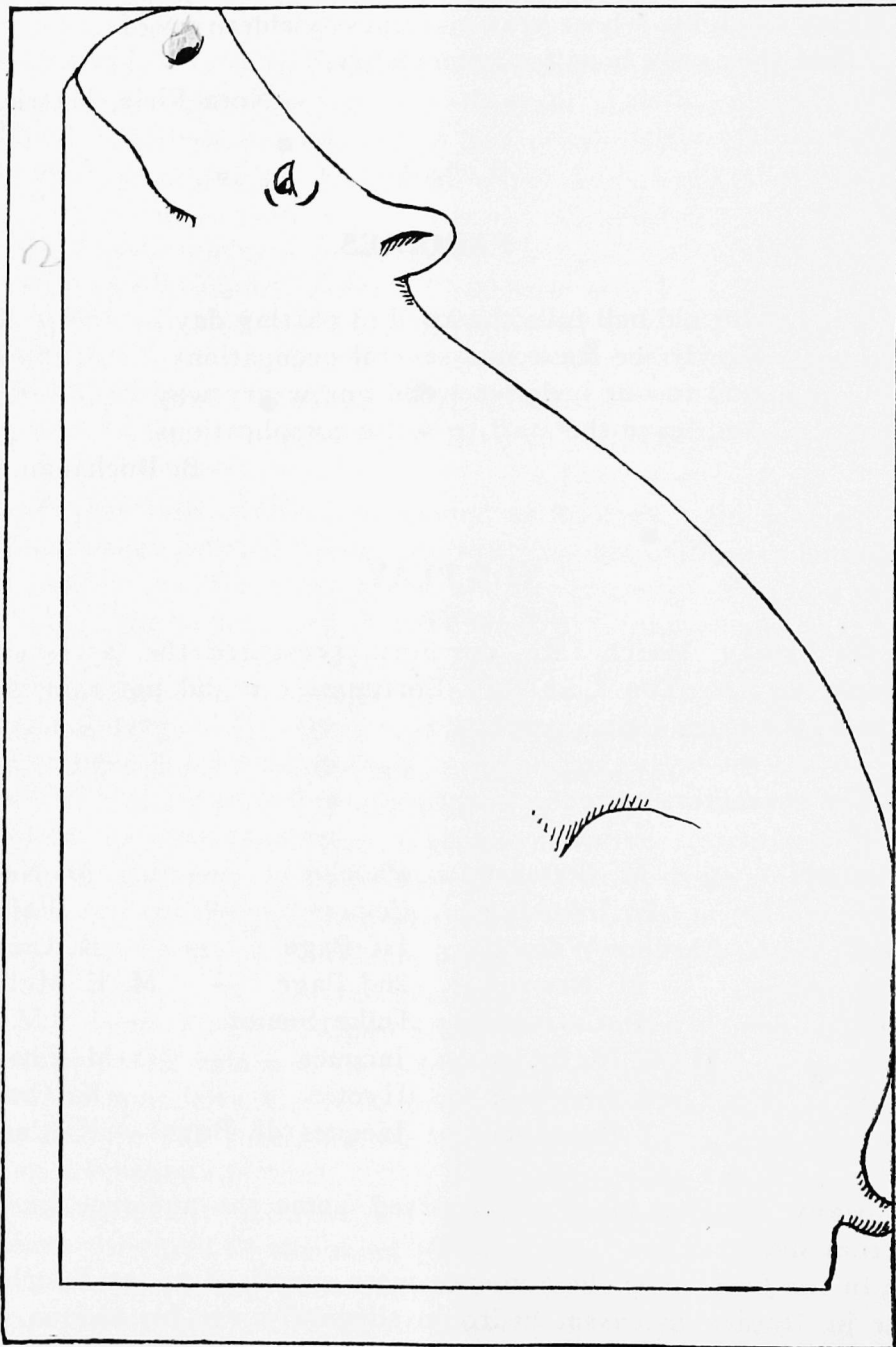
The characters were :

Touchstone	—	M. Stewart	Phoebe	—	D. Newton
Audrey	—	E. Johnston	Celia	—	A. Fellowes
William	—	C. Eardley-Wilmot.	1st Page	—	K. Crabtree
Corin	—	M. Newton	2nd Page	—	M. E. McIntyre
Orlando	—	B. Carrique	Duke Senior	—	V. Sare
Oliver	—	M. E. McIntyre	Jacques	—	M. Chapman
Rosalind	—	M. Ferguson	Hymen	—	K. Crabtree
Silvius	—	J. Buchanan	Jacques de Boys	—	K. Carswell

Many amusing incidents occurred, some the audience knew of, some they didn't.

In the first scene the audience were surprised to see Touchstone appear in "Indian mocassin bedroom slippers" over his unique, court jester foot apparel.

The Duke's pages made a noble attempt to sing, but in fits of laughter, failed to render the song as it should be, and went slightly out



Q. What's the side opposite a right angle?

A "Hippopotamus!"

of tune. All this was made funnier by Touchstone's following words:

"Though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet it was very untuneable."

In the crisis of the act, when Rosalind had returned to her father and Orlando, her father's "lip-prints" were left on her fair brow. This was too much for Orlando, and the love scene was made into a comedy. More especially when Rosalind addressed her father with "I'll have no husband if you be not he."

For Rosalind's efforts she was presented with a bouquet of dead marsh-marigolds; for Orlando's he received a turnip and an onion.

Thus our play ended and we wish to thank our patient audience for the enthusiasm that they showed. We also want Miss Jones and Miss Parsons to know how grateful we are for the help they gave us in the production of the play.

M. Ferguson VI:B.

M. E. McIntyre VI:B.

De Ignibus.

"Oft in the stilly night" have I been awakened from my peaceful slumbers by the rude clanging of the fire-bell! With grim resignation have I seized the uttermost depth of blanket, rushing the entire bed to its ruin. A mad search then ensued for a flashlight, pair of slippers and my roommate. Reduced to a heaving mass of nervous wrecks, we descended the stairs always inadequately, and generally grotesquely clothed, and white with rage confronted our tormentors. — This, dear reader, is the usual routine of a Fire-Drill or Bête-noir of a self-respecting comptonite.

This day, however I was destined to receive a shock and great surprise — It was a Sunday, the worst of its kind! The clouds were inviting us to leave shelter and meet certain death! Sitting in front of the fire, we suddenly realized that even our feeble efforts at building a fire (the Guides were in Quebec) would scarcely cause such an overwhelming smell of smoke.

"Wouldn't it be divine!" I said — all unwittingly cassandra for the moment. "Wouldn't it be divine if some excitement really did turn up?" Fate condescended to make me happy for at that moment with a scream of news too great to be contained any longer — a 5(a)er bounced in with a shriek of — "There's a fire — there's a fire in the dress cupboard." "Which one?" I screamed, anguish clutching at my heart —

"In yours and I think all the clothes are burnt to cinders" was the heartening reply. The fire-bell however, put an end to any more of these fearful revelations and together we streamed out into the cold and unsympathetic open spaces!

Vainly I searched for a sign of flames! Not a thing was to be seen except a small insignificant trickle of smoke filtering through one of the windows.

Hope appeared, knocking at my heart and I had visions of climbing the vines, shinnying up the gallery posts to save a few precious garments — (especially that yellow dress).

At this dramatic moment appeared the Compton Fire Fighters complete with everything save those articles designed to quench flames!

Bursting with the last throes of desperation I tore up the fire-escape and what greeted me but a familiar bundle of yellow? Seizing it and murmuring a hymn of thanksgiving I tore outside with my precious burden.

One hour later, some fifty girls might have been seen trailing dejectedly into a smoke-filled, highly odiferous haven of rest. Limp and exhausted some sank into chairs to sleep the sleep of the just, while others gazed despairingly up the stairs from whence came a gurgling unpleasing sight of water. Forty-nine faces may have been tragic, miserable and blue with cold, but among them was to be seen one happy beaming visage pressed against a yellow mass of dress!

May I add that nothing was touched by flames and the smell wore off in a week or so!

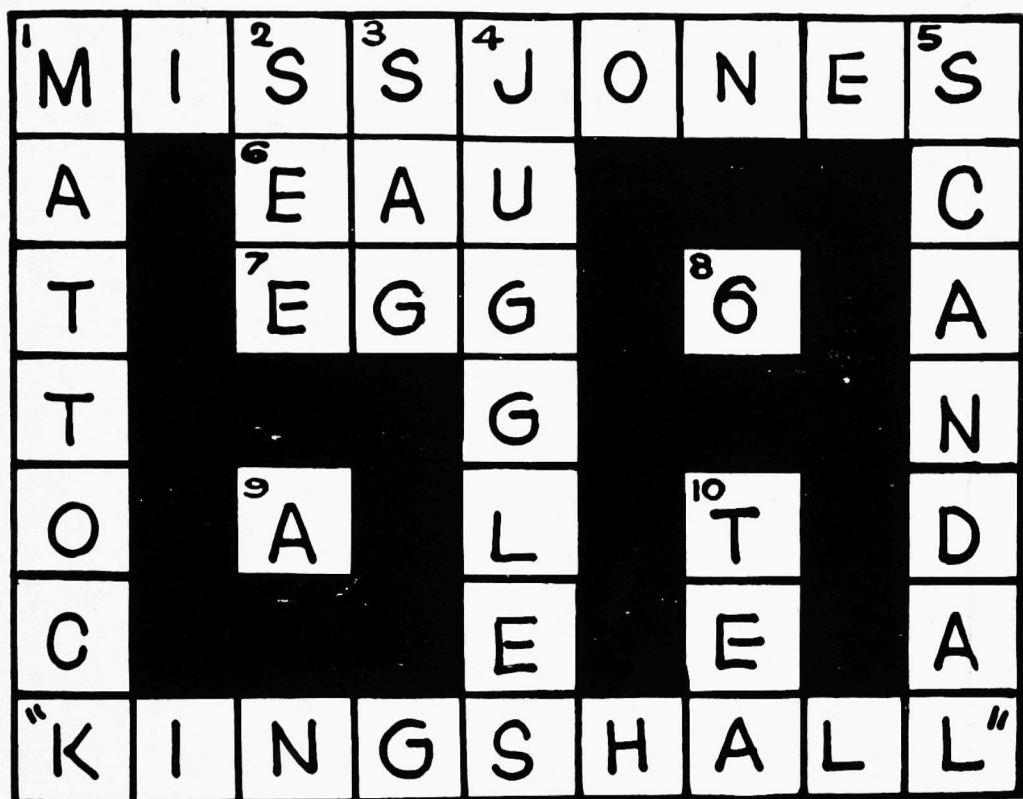
Matriculation Form.

Joy McGibbon.

SWEDEN.

My first impression of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, was not very exciting, it did not seem at first appearance to differ very much from any other big city. The buildings, the streets and people seemed very much the same. Stockholm is divided into two parts, one called New Stockholm, which I arrived and stayed in, and the other Old Stockholm. It was in Old Stockholm that I saw the differences, some of the streets will not allow more than three people to walk abreast of each other, and the streets are all cobblestones.

The queerest thing I found in Sweden, was that in summer you have really only about three hours of darkness as the sun sets around eleven and rises again at two. So if you are coming home about two in



HORIZONTAL

- 1 The most necessary member of VI:A.
- 6 What's French water?
- 7 What do we have every Sunday morning for breakfast.
- 9 Indefinite article.
- 11 "Our" Alma Mater.

VERTICAL.

- 1 Tool-like pickaxe, with arms ending in one axe edge.
- 2 To perceive.
- 3 Oh! Those tunics how they —
- 4 What does a man do with eggs besides eat them?
- 5 What everyone likes to hear.
- 8 $3+8+7-:-9 \times 3$.
- 10 A joyous break in prep.

Jean Barlow.
Gwen Harding.
Jean Cumming.

LITTLE
MISS MUFFET

placidy

hitt-he this muff-et, Sat on a Puff-et,

Sat-ing her Puds - and Pwhey, Pwhey,

up crawled a Spe - der and sat down be - side her and

will
fright - ned Miss Muff - et a - way

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It features four systems of music. The first system includes the tempo marking 'placidy' and the lyrics 'hitt-he this muff-et, Sat on a Puff-et,'. The second system has the lyrics 'Sat-ing her Puds - and Pwhey, Pwhey,'. The third system has the lyrics 'up crawled a Spe - der and sat down be - side her and'. The fourth system has the lyrics 'will' and 'fright - ned Miss Muff - et a - way'. The score is decorated with two spider webs in the top corners, a small house on a hill in the top right, and a silhouette of a girl sitting on a rock in the bottom left. The piano part includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'sf'.

the morning you feel as if it were about six, and you find it very difficult to sleep with the sun pouring into your room. In the Winter it is the very opposite as the sun rises around ten in the morning, and sets at three.

My most exciting event there, was our going to a reception at the Royal Palace. It was in the afternoon, but very formal. When we entered the palace, we had three flights of very difficult steps to climb, as they were many and far between. We had not been in the reception room long before the royal party was announced, and I for one was very excited. The King came first with his granddaughter, the Princess Ingrid, on his arm, and behind them came the Crown Prince and his wife, then various other members of the royal family. They were all in deep mourning, of course, for the Queen who died early last spring. It was not long before we moved down the big hall and into another room where we had tea, and then back we came again, and down those endless stairs, all feeling very thrilled.

It is surprising how many of the Swedish people speak English, even though it is taught in all schools there. Many of the shop-girls speak it fluently, taxi-drivers, and even the elevator boy in our hotel.

Stockholm is sometimes called a Northern Venice, for there are so many lakes and canals. Instead of taking a street car, you can go by steamer to various places, and they have different docks where the steamer stops.

The food is very much the same as ours, except that they are tremendously fond of "hors d'oeuvres." Sometimes you have thirty different dishes of this, even for breakfast.

If you ever go there, I am sure you will all agree with me that it is an extremely nice country, and one in which you might like to live.

Margaret Ferguson,

Form VI:B.

COMPETITIONS.

The quantity of the entries for the competition was very disappointing. For this reason no prize was given in the Art and Short Story competition, although the two drawings were highly commended.

The prize for an essay on mist was won by N. Pirie.

We are very grateful to Miss Homer, who has so kindly acted as judge for these competitions.

Au pays de Tartarin.

Chacun sait que les habitants de la cité de Marseille possèdent au plus haut degré le don de l'exagération. Pour le Marseillais, grisé de soleil et de mer bleue, rien ne peut être comparé à sa ville bien-aimée qui est pour lui le centre exclusif de tout génie, de toute science. Un des habitants de la belle cité phocéenne discutait un jour avec un Américain, qui vantait la perfection des machines aux États-Unis — : "Nous avons à Chicago, dit-il au Marseillais, de merveilleuses machines à faire les saucisses : on introduit un cochon vivant, et deux minutes après, le cochon sort de l'autre côté — en chapelets de saucisses" — "Peuh ! répondit le Marseillais d'un air dégagé, qu'est-ce que cela, mon bon, à côté de la même machine à Marseille ? Quand les saucisses sortent, vous les goûtez, et si elles ne vous plaisent pas, vous faites machine en arrière, et le cochon sort vivant, du côté où il était entré.

L'Américain un peu stupéfait, se mit alors à parler de la vitesse des trains aux États-Unis. Le Marseillais haussa les épaules "L'autre jour, dit-il, je me suis querellé, en gare de Marseille, avec le chef de gare, et je lui ai envoyé une gifle par la fenêtre de mon compartiment — eh. bien ! — croyez-vous que c'est le chef de gare de la station voisine qui l'a reçue ! —

L'Américain ne répondit rien — He couldn't beat it !

What we would like to see.

Miss Jones taking an engine to pieces.
Miss Parsons in plus fours.
Miss Shiels in the Follies.
Miss Huntley turning a cart-wheel.
M'selle on a roller-coaster.
Miss Brewer testing mattresses in Eaton's window.
Miss Cotton as a waitress in Childs.
Miss Sumsion as a Première Danceuse.
Miss Cruise swimming with water wings.
Miss Hasler-Brown in a parachute.
Miss Wright as a varsity cheer leader.
Miss Keyzer teaching dancing in Sing Sing.
Miss Flood singing hymns in the Salvation Army.

SCHOOL RECORD, 1930 - 1931

Head Girl - - - - B. Cochrane

House Captains.

Montcalm	-	-	-	-	B. Cochrane
Rideau	-	-	-	-	R. Glassco
MacDonald	-	-	-	-	N. Pirie

Prefects.

B. Cochrane	-	-	-	-	Matriculation
R. Glasseo (Games Captain)	-				"
D. McConnell	-	-	-	-	"
N. Pirie	-	-	-	-	"
G. Harding	-	-	-	-	VI:A
J. Cumming	-	-	-	-	"

Form Captains.

Matriculation	-	-	-	-	B. Cochrane
VI:A	-	-	-	-	G. Harding
VI:B	-	-	-	-	K. Carswell
V:A	-	-	-	-	F. Bisset.
V:B	-	-	-	-	P. Crabtree

SCHOOL CALENDAR — 1930-1931

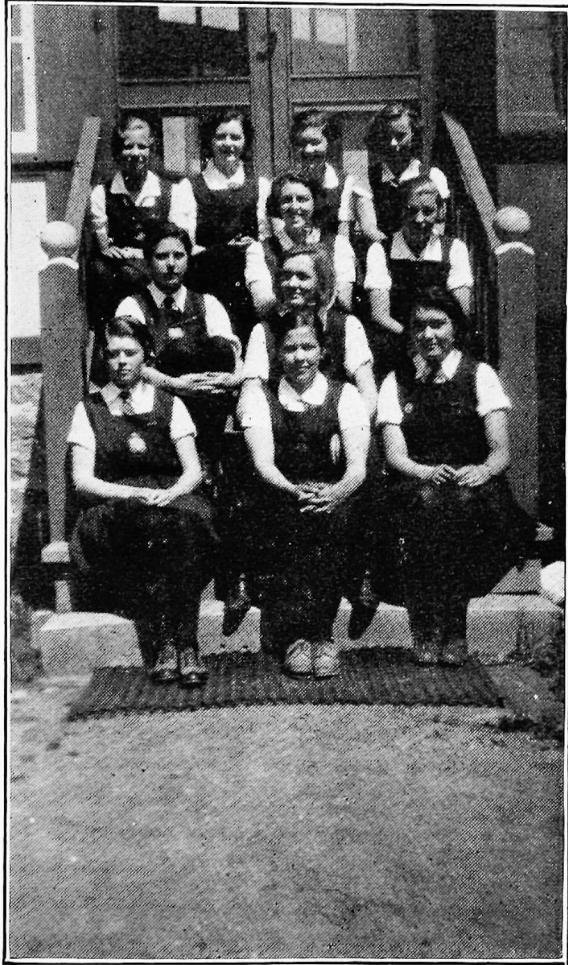
1930

June 11th	Closing.
Sept. 10th	School opens.
Sept. 20th	Barn Dance.
Sept. 24th	Mamselle's Lecture on Avignon.
Oct. 4th & 7th	Girls vs. Staff Hockey Game.
Oct. 14th	We hear the Savoy Choir in Sherbrooke.
Oct. 20th	The Bishop gives us a Holiday.
Oct. 30th	We hear debate at Bishop's University.
Oct. 31st	Hallowe'en Supper.
Nov. 1st	Hallowe'en Masquerade.
Nov. 8th	Thanksgiving Dance.
Nov. 19th	We see plays at Bishop's University.
Nov. 29th	School presents opera "Patience".
Dec. 19th	End of Term.

1931

Jan. 13th	Beginning of Lent Term.
Jan. 28th	Dr. Douglas' Lecture on Astronomy.
Feb. 6th	Miss Smith's Lecture on Jugo-Slavia.
Feb. 25th	Miss Hoods Violin Recital.
Feb. 28th	Basketball Game against Bishop's.
March 7th	Return Match with Bishop's.
March 21st	Basketball Match with Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A.
March 28th	Return Match with Y. W. C. A.
April 1st	Basketball Game with Miss Edgar's School. End of Term.
April 14th	Beginning of Summer Term.
April 22nd	We see "The Importance of Being Earnest", at Sherbrooke.
April 24th	The Bishop gives us a Holiday.
April 25th	K.H.C. Guides win Duggan Shield at Quebec.
May 9th	Confirmation.
May 15th	Act V of "As You Like It" presented by Form VI-B.
May 16th	Basketball Game with The Study, Montreal. Marionettes Show given by Mademoiselle.

MATRICULATION FORM 1930 - 31.



Back Row — L. Courtney, N. MacKay, A. Gilmour, J. McGibbon.

Next Row — A. Stevens, M. McTaggart.

Next Row — N. Pirie, B. Cochrane.

Front Row — D. McConnell, C. Baptist, R. Glassco.

SCHOOL BASKETBALL 1930 - 31.



Back Row — M. Ferguson, C. Baptist, Miss Thornton, J. Cumming.
Middle Row — M. Chadwick, B. Cochrane, J. Paterson.
Front Row — B. Snell, R. Glassco (Capt.), G. Harding.

PATIENCE

Caste

Colonel Calverley	-	-	-	-	R. Glassco
Major Murgatroyd	-	-	-	-	J. Ahearn
Lieut. the Duke of Dunstable	-	-	-	-	N. McKay
Reginald Bunthorne	-	-	-	-	N. Pirie
Archibald Grosvenor	-	-	-	-	B. Cochrane
Solicitor	-	-	-	-	K. Carswell
The Lady Angela	-	-	-	-	A. Coristine
The Lady Saphir	-	-	-	-	D. McConnell
The Lady Ella	-	-	-	-	B. E. Wilmot
The Lady Jane	-	-	-	-	B. Gardner
Patience	-	-	-	-	C. Baptist

Maidens — G. Harding, L. Savage, B. Beaumont, J. McGibbon, J. Barlow
 Dragoons — M. McTaggart, A. Gilmour, A. Fellows, M. Ferguson, B. Snell, J. Cumming.

We were a little nervous this year to attempt "Patience" after our two great successes "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance," but our fears were quite groundless when "Patience" proved to be such a great success, more so, perhaps, than any other.

Day after day we struggled with our songs. 'Soloists' (If I may be so bold) with Miss Huntley who was ever patient, she helped and encouraged us tremendously. At last, after all the usual waiting, counting of days, and recovering from colds, the day arrived.

Saturday night, November 29th the gym was filled, so we observed by looking cautiously through gaps in the curtain. The orchestra and helping choir started us off and the curtains were pulled apart, they did not 'rise' in the conventional manner.

Twenty love-sick maidens then bewailed the fact that they were in love with this entrancing fleshly poet, Reginald Bunthorne, who was in love with Patience, who next came in quite bewildered by this funny thing called love. The Dragoons marched on and made a heavy background for the languishing females.

The play was over in a minute, so it seemed to us, and we found ourselves passing good things to eat in the lounge — and so to bed — as many others besides Pepys and myself have remarked.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hasler-Brown for all her hard work with the singing and acting, also Miss Wright for her very able accompanying.

R. G.



SPORTS 1930 - 31.

The Results of last year's competitions are :-

The Senior Sport's Cup was won by B. Cochrane for the second successive year. B. Martin won the Junior.

In the tennis tournament B. Cochrane beat B. Jaques in the Senior Singles. J. Glassco and M. Bunbury beat C. Baptist and N. MacKay in the Senior Doubles.

V. Harding beat K. Crabtree in the Junior Singles, and V. Harding and F. Bissett beat K. Crabtree and L. Pavey in the Junior Doubles.

L. Martin won the Best All Around Gymnast, while the Junior was won by L. Pavey.

J. Glassco won the Senior Dancing Cup for the third successive year. M. Stewart won the Junior Cup.

B. Gardner won the Citizenship Cup.

Autumn Term:-

Hockey.

Hockey, as always, was the predominant sport last fall. Every afternoon when the whistle blew we raced up and down the field, weighed down by too many sweaters, our hair blowing in our eyes, and legs aching from the well delivered whacks upon our shins.

Results of our hard work:

MacDonald won the House Matches.

Old Girls beat the New Girls.

Lower Corridor beat the Upper.

West beat the East for the first time in six years.

We played two hard games with the Mistresses. The first game was a tie 2 - 2. The second proved a victory for the Mistresses 3 - 2.

Basketball.

This year we were fortunate in playing quite a few outside games as well as our inter-form matches.

Results:-

Feb. 28th — Bishop's University vs. K.H.C. at Lennoxville.

Bishop's won 35 - 29.

March 7th — K.H.C. vs. Bishop's. Return match at Compton.

King's Hall won 35 - 13.

March 21st. — Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A. vs. K.H.C. at Sherbrooke.

K.H.C. won 48 - 32.

March 28th — K.H.C. vs. Y.W.C.A. return match at Compton.

K.H.C. won 51 - 39.

April 1st — Miss Edgar's vs. K.H.C. at Montreal.

Miss Edgar's won 48 - 32.

May 16th — The Study vs. K.H.C. at Compton.

K.H.C. won 69 - 30.

Out of 6 outside games we won 4 and lost 2.

Matric won the form matches.

The Staff defeated the Second Team 38 - 32.

VI A defeated the Staff 38 - 34.

SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM.

Name	Position
B. Snell - - - - -	Side Centre
R. Glassco - - - - -	Jumping Centre
B. Cochrane - - - - -	Forward
G. Harding - - - - -	Forward
M. Chadwick - - - - -	Guard
M. Ferguson - - - - -	Guard
Subs:- C. Baptist, N. McKay, J. Patterson.	

Badminton.

We had a senior and junior ladder for which we found very little time. The Tournaments, however, were enthusiastically received, the finals being played at the end of the Lent Term.

Results:-

Singles — B. Snell beat D. Porter 15-1, 15-13.

Doubles — B. Cochrane and C. Baptist beat B. Snell and
A. Stevens 15-6, 15-13.

Skiing and Skating.

The skating this year proved almost more popular than the skiing. The rink was kept in excellent condition, and a great deal is due to Jimmie and George for their hard work.

Tennis, basketball and golf take up a great deal of our time, also the swimming in Sherbrooke.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Keyzer in the middle of last term, but an adequate substitute for her was found in Miss Thornton who gave up a great deal of her spare time in coaching the basketball team. However we were glad to have Miss Keyzer back at the beginning of this term. We owe her a great deal for the way in which she has coached us in all our games throughout the year, and especially for the time and help she is always ready to give us.

R. Glassco,
Matriculation.
(Sports Captain)

Guide Notes 1931.

The company met again this year with an attendance of twenty-one guides, including one recruit. We discussed whether we should keep on as a company with Ruth Glassco as acting captain. Soon afterwards we were honoured by a visit from Mrs. Dobell, Division Commissioner of Quebec, who came to inspect the Company, and talked to us about guiding.

Towards the end of the Christmas term, we had a picnic above Windy Hill, when the Guides tried various items of their second class.

On April 15th, the Acting Captain, Lieutenant and Recruit went to Lennoxville to attend an enrollment ceremony.

At the beginning of the Summer term we decided to enter for the Duggan Shield competition for first-aid, and the meetings were given up in view of the practices. On April 25th we went to Quebec for the rally, where we were successful in the competition. The Shield was formally presented in the gym on May the twenty-first.

The Guides wish to thank Ruth Glassco for all she has done to maintain the Company, and for all the time she has given up on our behalf and especially for the way in which she arranged that we should enter for the Duggan Shield Competition, for first aid. It was owing to her interest, and inspiring influence, that we were successful in winning the Shield in Quebec. We should also like to add our appreciation of Catty Baptist's co-operation with Ruth as Lieutenant of the Company.

"The Guide Hike."

On Saturday afternoon, February 14th the Guides left the School to go on a hike. It was a very windy afternoon and we all had so many coats and sweaters on that we could hardly move.

We divided up and the first half having ten-minute start, laid a trail which the others were to follow. Up the Moe's River road we went, the second half were gaining on us so we hurriedly crossed the fence and went down into a sheltered part in the woods. There we stopped, making it the place where the fire was to be built.

We all tried to pass our fires, but were unsuccessful — Our Captain said, "Never Mind, we'll try again in the spring;" so we sat down around the big fire and ate.

There were weiners which we put on the end of sticks and held over the fire. Afterwards we put them in between rolls and ate them.

We had cocoa to drink, and when all the weiners were finished, we had a cake. When we had finished we packed up and left for school. As we came across the field a very strong wind met us and it was all we could do to get across. But finally we did. We reached home tired but not hungry.

The only drastic thing that happened was that one of our Guides froze her nose.

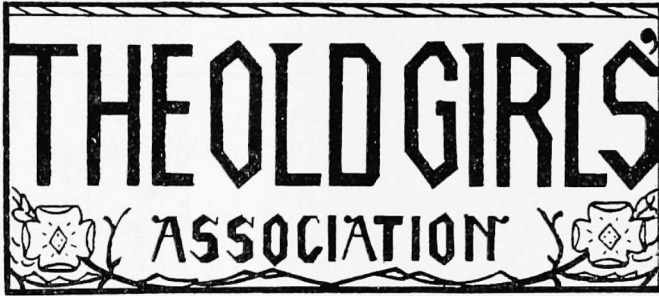
By J. Buchanan and Kay Crabtree
VI:B.

MATRIC BIBLE CLASS.

- C. Baptist:** A good report maketh the bones fat.
B. Cochrane: He that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.
L. Courtney: A false balance is an abomination to the Lord.
A. Gilmour: Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.
R. Glassco: Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.
N. MacKay: Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved.
J. McGibbon: He that heareth reproof getteth understanding.
M. McTaggart: Make no friendships with an angry man.
N. Pirie: Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.
A. Stevens: Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither.

Matric Horoscope 1930 - 1931

Name	Type	Noted For	Ambition	Chief Worry	Probable Future Occupation	Expression.
Catty Baptist	Sophisticated	Gadgets	Owner of Page & Shaws	Baptists I, II, & III.	Starting a Brownie Pack at the North Pole	"E.....e.....eh?"
Cochrane	Subdued	Her French accent	Has none	Fires 'n things	Playing the harp on Broadway	"Shucks!"
Birds Courtney	Subtle	Opening windows	To spread the German Eagle	Scales and arpeggios	President of Compton Winter Club	"Heavens!"
Aud. Gilmour	Frowsy	Afternoon rests	To rival Mother Goose	10½ lbs.	Missionary of the Order of St. Catharines	"I don't see why"
Pool Glassco	Fragile	Her family	To be young again	Girl Sprouts	Barmaid of A.O.F.B.	"Fill your hat."
Tip McTaggart	Conscientious	Badatendatda	That 5th divorce suit	Irish Affairs	Sunday School Teacher	"T'anks Bud."
Joy McGibbon	Innocent	Let's see him	Mundy's Mail	Leading Lady in Home Films productions	"You Would."
Puss MacKay	Sarcastic	Superstitions	To learn to skate	Angel	Keeping Home for Stray Cats	"Dear Me."
Nonie Pirie	Masculine	7 Year's War	(B ; M ; R.)(A)	That spark	Taking a mental rest	Oo - La - la!"
Dot McConnell	Oriental	Being late	366 Holidays a year	Her roommate	Writing a family saga	"O Poop!"
Angel Stevens	Brutal	Blushing	To keep that schoolgirl complexion	Self-control	Seraphims & cherubims	"I dunno."



MARIONETTES.

ONE day in the year 944 in the City of Venice, twelve beautiful maidens set forth to marry twelve young men. Suddenly a band of Barbary pirates landed near the church where the ceremony was to take place, attacked the crowds and carried off the maidens. The young bridegrooms, recovering from the shock, followed the pirates and after much fighting rescued their brides. Henceforth it became the custom in Venice to celebrate the anniversary of this event by a great festival, and always on the last day of this festival came the marriage of twelve beautiful young women to twelve handsome young men. Soon this led to so much jealousy and so many quarrels that the city decided to substitute life-sized wooden dolls for the brides. Then Venetian toymakers began to make miniatures of these figures to sell as toys for the children — these they called “little maries” or “marionettes”

I wonder how many of us are familiar with these fascinating little dolls that move about like human beings by means of strings? It would surprise some of us to know that puppets such as these were possibly the first dolls in the world. They were treasured by kings and queens of ancient Egypt and were buried in their tombs near the banks of the Nile. Among their first homes were India, Persia and China where they were revered and worshipped.

The Romans copied their marionettes from the Greeks; Roman emperors filled their palaces with bands of showmen and their puppets, and at one time became so interested in this form of entertainment that affairs of the government were neglected.

When Rome fell the gods and temples were destroyed and puppets were almost forgotten but in a very short time the early Christians again began to make them to enact scenes of their new religion. Later they were considered too gay for the Church and were banished, whereupon they took up the theatre and travelled Europe.

In North America marionettes were used for hundreds of years by

the Hopi Indians in their great ceremonies; but until a short time ago, most of those here were to be found in Italian neighbourhoods, enacting plays of Italian heroes. Tony Sarg is probably the best known authority at the present time, and he has done much towards promoting the growth of this art in America.

For the past two years a group of Toronto girls have been experimenting with these lifelike dolls. A portable stage has been built and necessary equipment assembled. This form of entertainment is becoming increasingly popular at children's parties, and many small audiences are in turn delighted with a dainty Cinderella; terrified by a shrewish old witch in "Hansel and Gretel;" and amused by three chubby bears and a sorrowful Goldilocks.

But those who look on are not the most intrigued. Behind the scenes an air of breathlessness prevails, for the marionette becomes a different thing in every hand; — it expresses every mood, thought and fancy of the one who pulls the strings.

DILLWYN W. ANGUS (nee Warren).

CARAVANNING IN THE PEACE RIVER BLOCK.

How many K.H.C. girls have been to England I wonder? More I am sure than have ever thought of seeing our great Dominion.

Get busy and go "West".

Last year I decided to drive a Sunday School Caravan in the Peace River Block, British Columbia. This work was started in 1920 by Miss Hasell from Cumberland, England, who with a friend spent the summer of 1920 in the Diocese of Edmonton, working among the scattered settlers. The work has grown very rapidly since, and this year there were no less than fourteen Caravans and twenty-eight workers working in the four great western Provinces; namely, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

The work consists of visiting all the families who are scattered about and have no means of religious instruction for themselves or their children. During the week we visited families and on Sundays always held a service, either in a school or in the open. We also held Sunday School for the children, and, so that during the winter months they should not be without some teaching, we put them on the Sunday School by post. The papers are sent out every month, and there is one for each week with a Bible story and questions, also two or three stories to amuse them.

I did the driving, cooking and any other odd jobs that came my

way, including minor repairs to the car. My companion was a trained teacher and also did Guide and Scout work.

The Caravan is a Ford truck with a special body. We slept inside and had to make our beds every night and unmake them in the morning when we set out on the road.

The country in which we worked is lovely rolling country with numbers of rivers and creeks. It is the greatest grain growing country in Canada. The area of the Peace River Block is 10,000 square miles and this is the last "homesteading" land in Canada. Until the first of August last year the Block belonged to the Federal Government, but on that date it became the property of the Government of British Columbia.

The people who have lately settled in this part of the country are mostly of British stock, having first settled on the Prairie. They have gone into this country as they have heard of the wonderful crops which have been reaped there. All the people we met this summer were of the finest type of pioneer you could ever wish to meet, and their optimism is a lesson to many of us who to-day during these hard times insist upon looking on the dark side of things.

The population of the Peace River Block is approximately 10,000, and most of these people have gone in with their wives and families in covered wagons, some of them travelling as much as two thousand miles. In the years 1928 and 1929 as many as fifty caravans were entering that part of the country a day.

The houses in which the people live are mostly built of logs, and generally only consist of one room. The chinking is done with mud or moss and I did see some done with newspaper, but in a stiff breeze the paper blew into the house and so was not practicable. Water is a great problem as not very many people have been able to find it on their property. The usual thing is for the farmer to scoop out the earth in the lowest part of his property to a depth of from ten to fifteen feet, and thirty feet long by twenty wide. This is called a dam and fills, of course, more and more at every rain fall. Part of this is fenced off for the cattle to drink from and the other part is where the water is drawn from for the family. Drinking water is usually melted ice, as ice is gathered from the creeks and rivers in the Spring and put into an ice-house to be used when needed.

The roads in this part of the country are improved every year, but when it rains the gumbo (mud) is dreadful and chains have always to be used; even with these on, one gets stuck very often.

We travelled in the van over 2,000 miles, and walked over 250 miles.

One very interesting hike was from Fort St. John to Hudson

Hope, a distance of sixty-five miles which we walked in four and one half days, carrying thirty pound packs on our backs. We travelled anywhere from fifteen to twenty miles a day, and the people we visited very kindly gave us a bed if it were possible, if not we slept on the floor and were very comfortable.

From Fort St. John to Hudson Hope there is no road, and to go by river meant a very expensive trip, so we walked and returned by boat, sleeping out on the bank of the Peace River one night, using our knap-sacks as pillows. It was a glorious night and a wonderful experience.

To our great disappointment we never saw any kind of a wild animal, though everyone else seemed to see bears, moose and deer very often.

This hike which was over the Pack trail was by no means easy, for we were climbing over trees, then down to the bed of a creek the banks of which were 300 feet high; not so bad going down but not very easy going up. The first night we walked until 12.30 and the last half mile we were walking over oat stubble. As our feet were sore we were very glad when we at last reached our destination and were given a really good bed to sleep in.

When we went north of Fort St. John up the Klondyke trail, I came upon a woman of twenty-five who had three children; a boy of three, a girl aged two and a baby girl of four months. Her husband was out about one hundred miles away looking for work during the threshing and she told me when we were leaving her house after camping beside it for four days, that we had "pulled her out of a bad hole" as we left her quite a lot of canned food. She told me that they had been living on two meals a day since her husband had gone out, so she stayed in bed till 11.30 a.m. every day and kept the children in too, so that they only had lunch and supper. Both meals consisted of porridge, potatoes, bread and a very little butter, for they only get a quarter of a pound of butter a week, which came from her sister who was her nearest neighbour and lived half a mile away. Despite these very frugal meals and her loneliness she never grumbled to us, in fact, we both remarked that she was one of the most entertaining people we had ever met.

In thinking over my work this Summer, it is brought home to me very forcibly what very poor kind of people we must seem to those "homesteaders" of the West. We sit at home enjoying our comforts and luxuries and yet we can find time to grumble about some trivial thing, while those people work hard and have so few pleasures, but always seem happy.

So I say to anyone who feels "fed up" and wants something to do, perhaps you could offer your services and spend a Summer doing some voluntary work to help along some other people who are not living in such fortunate circumstances as we are. You'll never regret it.

by

Helen Price,

Quebec.

March, 1931.

Hamilton.

Engagements:- Dorothy Zimmerman to Spencer Allan of Hamilton.

Marriages:- Patricia Alexander to Dr. Kenneth Kerr of New York City.
Katherine Cronyn of London to Mr. John Harley. They are now living in Baltimore.

Births:- Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Beattie (Margaret Jordan), a daughter, June, 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hale (Kay Alexander), a son, Dec. 1930.

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. McCullough (Kay Champ), a son, February, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. C. Scott (Marie Morris), a daughter, April, 1931.

An Amateur Theatre Guild has recently been formed in Hamilton, the following K.H.C. Old Girls taking prominent parts:

Audrey Henderson, Jeanette (Backus) Tice and Eleanor Innis.

Audrey Henderson is taking a Domestic Science course at MacDonald Hall, Guelph.

* * *

Ottawa.

Marriages:- Lesley Gordon to Reginald Trenholme of Montreal.
Katherine Evans to Alan Harvey, June, 1930.

Amy McGrath to F. J. D. Pemberton of Victoria.

Patricia Byron to Arthur Sanford, June, 1930.

Births:- Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Woods (Katherine Guthrie), a son.

Jessie McLaughlin has moved from Ottawa to Arnprior.

Quebec.

Engagements :- Helen Meredith, Quebec, to Jack Scott of Breakeyville.

Eleanor Lancaster to Thurmer Hoggard of Virginia, U.S.A.

Births :- Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Williams (Enid Price), a daughter

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson (Naomi Teakle), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Ross (Kay Turner), a son.

Mildred Hamilton at present holds a position at Canada House, London, England.

Marjorie Barrow won the Ladies Singles Championship of the Province of Quebec, and with Miss Marguerite Delage won the Ladies Doubles Championship of Canada and of the Province of Quebec in badminton. Helen Meredith also did very well in the Provincial Badminton Meet as she got as far as the semi-finals, where she was beaten by Marjorie.

Isabel and Louise Mitchell and Anna Michael spent last year at Mount Ida.

Mrs. Antony Gregory (Dorothy Wright) our Vice-President, has, much to our regret, left Quebec to take up residence in Shawinigan.

Joy Brewer is in her last year of training as a nurse at Jeffrey Hale Hospital, Quebec.

Kitty Brewer has been studying music and theory in Quebec and passed well at the McGill Exams. She is at home this year.

Barbara Stephens is attending L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Quebec, and has etchings hung in several Art Exhibitions. The Dominion Government has bought some of Barbara's etchings for the Quebec Branch of the Canadian Archives.

Mrs. Sydney Williams (Enid Price), and her husband Rev. Sydney Williams and their young daughter are expected back in Quebec next Summer, when Rev. Mr. Williams will take up his duties as Curate at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec.

Betty Stephens, who took one of the leads in the Kiwanis Frolics, "Show Boat", which took place in November, is Captain of the 10th Quebec Troop of Girl Guides, and Diana Petry is Lieut. of the 36th.

* * *

Sherbrooke

Engagements :- Mary Brewer to Mr. Howard Church of Montreal.

Margaret Brewer, who graduated from the University of Bishop's

College Lennoxville, in 1929, with the degree of B.A., is now one of the members of the Staff at King's Hall.

* * *

Montreal.

Engagements:- Dora Virtue to Mr. A. B. Darling.
Hope Cushing to Mr. Arthur Wright.
Margaret Dawes to Mr. Duncan Stewart.
Lilias Shepherd to Mr. Sam Laird of New Rochelle, N.Y.
Kathleen Barry to Mr. Richard Tillotson.
Muriel Jamieson to Mr. Stuart Stephen Cantlie.

Marriages:- Margaret Monsarrat to Mr. Wendle Howard Laidley, in October, 1930.

Births:- Sir Anthony and Lady Lindsay-Hogg (Frances Doble), London, England, a son, August, 1930.
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Abbott (Mary Chisholm), a son, Nov. 1930.
Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Reid (Dorothy Harries), a daughter, July, 1929.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Patton (Emma Church), a son, Jan. 1931.
Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Durnford (Amy MacKenzie), a son, April, 1931.
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Palmer (Pixie Smith), a daughter, November, 1930.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nelles (Frances Lloyd), a son, June, 1930.
Dr. and Mrs. A. R. MacLean (Clair Mussell), twin daughters, November, 1930.
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ogilvy (Jessie Patton), a son, Nov.
Mr. and Mrs. MacKay Smith (Phyllis Barker), a daughter, March, 1930.
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cook (Nancy Esdaile), a daughter, May, 1931.

Dorothy MacEvoy has moved to Montreal from Ottawa, and has a position in Cockfield Brown & Company.

Margaret Mitchell has been re-elected President of The Junior League of Montreal, and is the voting delegate going to the A.J.L.A. Conference in Cincinnati in May. Margaret also took part in the Children's play, "The Patchwork Girl of Oz," presented by the League last March.

Mrs. John Webster (Alice Coghlin) was elected First Vice-President of the Junior League of Montreal and is the other delegate going to Cincinnati. She was in charge of all dancing in the Patchwork Girl, and has had her Private Pilot's License since May, 1930.

Sarah (Sally) Starke is in charge of the Junior League Choir which she instigated this year. Sally has been doing hard work at the Griffin Town Club, teaching various subjects, and putting on plays. She was in charge of "Props" and lighting in the Patchwork Girl. She is the Quebec Representative on the Central Committee of the K.H.C.O.G.A.

Frances Tompson, Dorothy Nicoll and Jessie Cassils were also in the Junior League Play.

Dora Virtue won the Provincial Golf Championship of 1930.

Hope Cushing gave a joint recital with the Rev. Marion Smith at Victoria Hall in December, 1930. She is the Sherbrooke Representative on the Central Committee of the K.H.C.O.G.A.

Margaret Torrance started and ran the Junior League Canteen at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Phillips (Margaret Henshaw) have moved back to Montreal from Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. E. Paice (Aline Pomeroy) is the head of the Social Service Department of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Elwood (Vardon Ross) have moved from Montreal to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collis (Doris Wilcocks) have moved from Montreal to Toronto.

Hope Pearson has completed her training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Helen Wright is Secretary of the Themis Club, Montreal.

Mrs. Norman Fletcher (Vivian Robertson) is the Hamilton Representative on the Central Committee of the K.H.C.O.G.A., and Mrs. J. C. Nelles (Frances Lloyd) and Mrs. R. Trenholme (Leslie Gordon) are Representatives for the Toronto and Ottawa Branches respectively, on this Committee.

* * *

It is hoped that the Memorial Window to the Rev. George Henry Parker will be erected in the Church at Compton in September. Miss Reynolds has written to say that the design has been chosen. The subject is "Christ Calling the Disciple." The inscription is "To the Glory of God, and in loving memory of the Rev. George Henry Parker, for 31

years Chaplain of C.L.C. and King's Hall, Compton. This window is erected by former pupils and friends, as a token of their deep appreciation."

BIRTHS:-

Mrs. Hendrie (Betty Olmstead), a son, born last July.
Mrs. E. Johnston (Billie Leishman), a son, born last August.
Mrs. R. McConnell (Winnifred McKay), a son, born August 22nd.
Mrs. Harold Rykert (Aime Gundy), a son, born in March, 1930.
Mrs. John Thompson (Virginia Gundy), a daughter, born in July.
Mrs. John Warren (Edith Coleman), a son, born November 16th.

* * *

MARRIAGES:-

Kay Stuart Patterson to Mr. Paul Dollard of New York City, in November.

ENGAGEMENTS:-

Aleda Starr to Mr. Crawford Martin of Toronto.

* * *

"DO YOU KNOW?"

That Mrs. Harold Rykert (Aime Gundy) is now living in Toronto after spending two years abroad, where Dr. Rykert was continuing his study of medicine.

That Mrs. Grant Glassco (Willa Price) has been transferred from the Quebec Branch to the Toronto Branch of the K.H.C.O.G.A.

That Anne Osler sailed for England the end of May to spend two months in England.

That Betty Blackwell spent the winter months in Augusta, Ga.

That Marjorie Mulock who has been abroad during the past year spent the winter months in St. Jean de Luz, France, with her mother.

That Mrs. E. Johnston (Billie Leishman) is leaving Toronto in July to reside in Kitchener.

That Helen Gurney spent the winter in Bermuda.

That Georgina Thorburn is in training in the Kingston General Hospital.

That Violet Meyers is an enthusiastic polo player and is Captain of the Ladies' Polo team of Toronto Eglinton Hunt Club.

That we are all glad to have Mrs. Frank Williams (Margaret Widder) back again in Toronto. She has opened a tea room at 23 Spadina Road, and we wish her luck in her new enterprise.

The School at play





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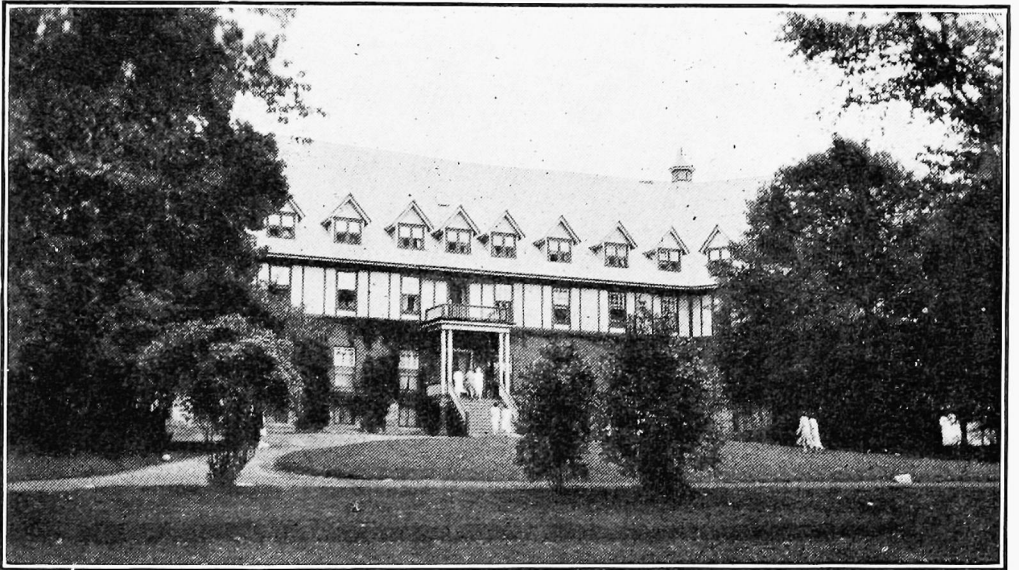
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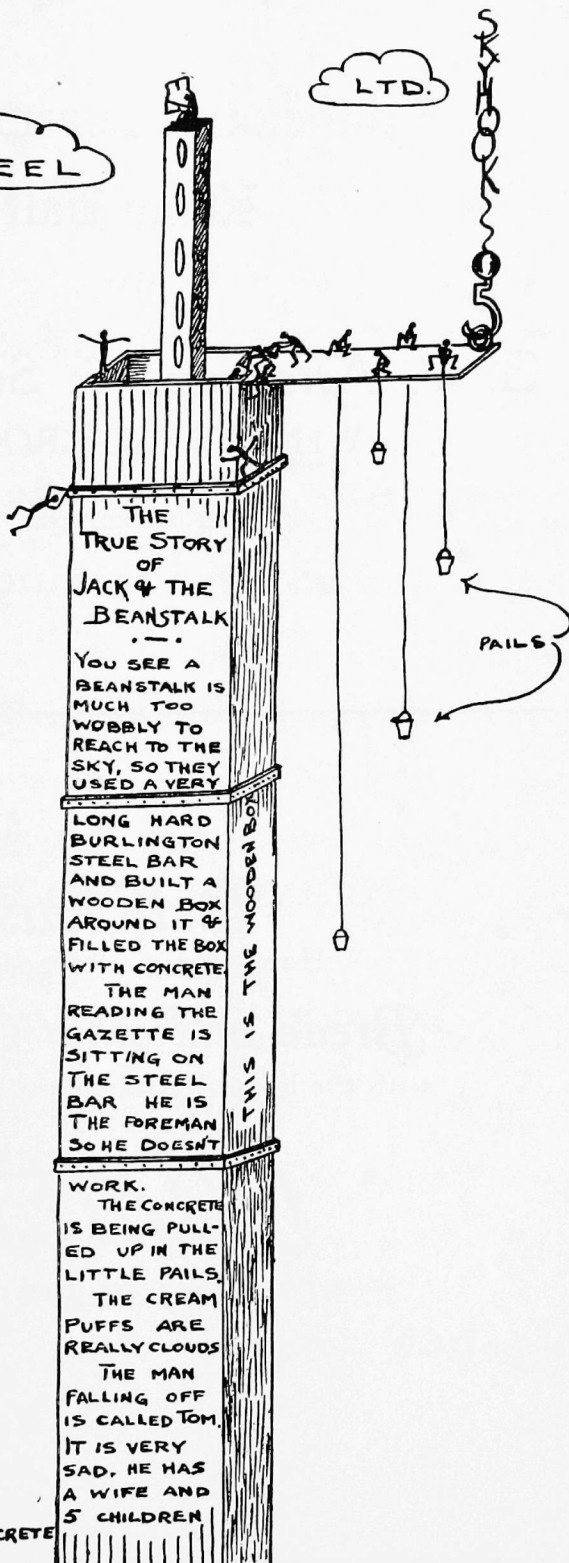


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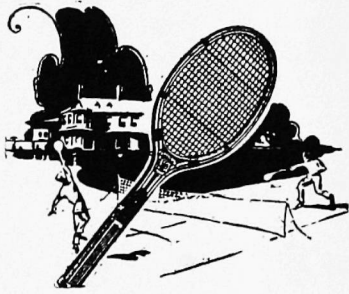
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